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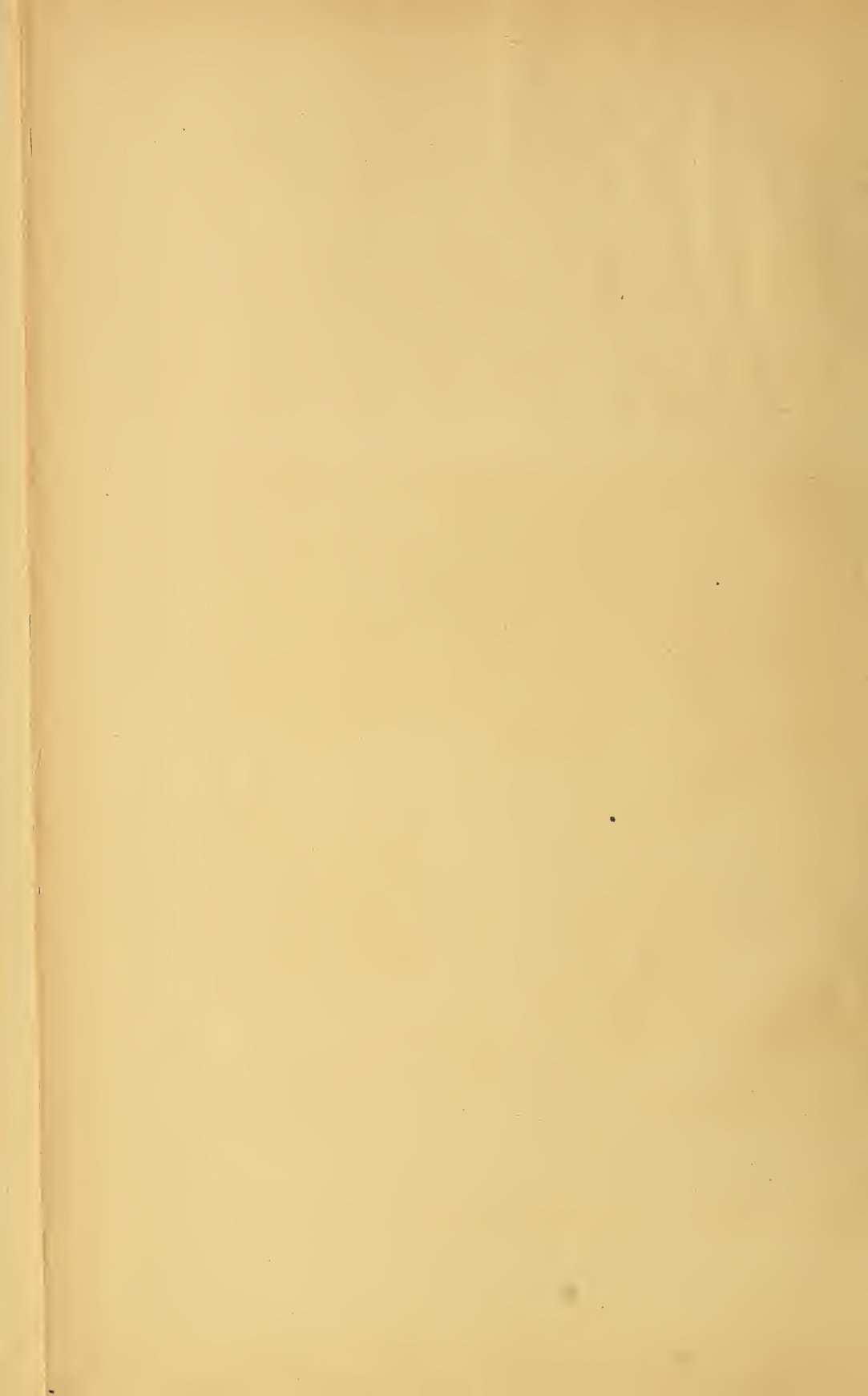


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POEMS THAT HEAL THE SICK



By
WILLIS VERNON COLE



POEMS THAT HEAL THE SICK

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BY
WILLIS VERNON COLE

AUTHOR OF
"OUR LEADER AND OTHER POEMS"

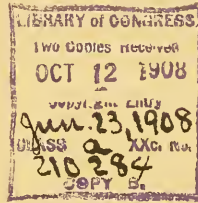


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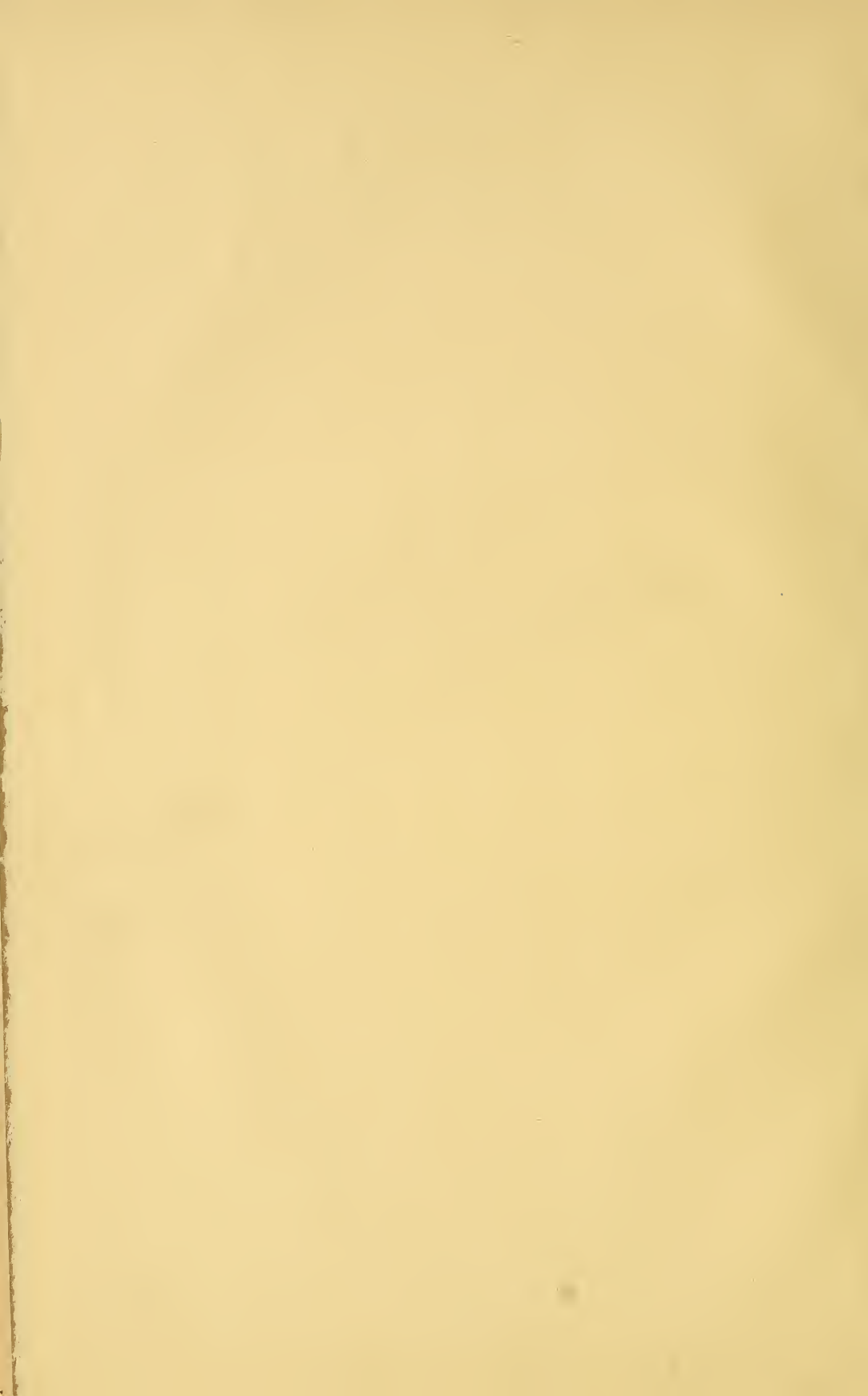


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TO MY BROTHER

*Bond or free, of every creed and country, who seeks
peace, health and immortality, these leaves
of healing are lovingly dedicated!*



Foreword

TRUTH, understood, heals the sick and the sinful now, as certainly as when Jesus proved the power of God centuries ago by Galilee's quiet sea, through the healing of all manner of diseases, the destruction of sin in its myriad forms, and by his final and greatest victory over death. The might of Mind is still operative and available to all who are in need of purity, health and peace.

This volume is designed as a vehicle by means of which to convey to the sufferers of earth, this spiritual truth: that Love makes free. Those who have "eyes to see and ears to hear" will find in these pages health for the sick, strength for the sinner, substance for the poor, and salvation for those who hunger for righteousness.

Spiritual healing, fully demonstrated in the life and works of Jesus of Nazareth in ages past, and so conspicuous in the life and teachings of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy to-day, may be understood and proven by all who look sincerely to their heavenly Father in quest of freedom from the ills of the flesh.

To help the reader know that God is All, that God is Love, and heals all pain and fear; to aid him touch the seamless robe of Life, and gain the consciousness that man is pure and whole and perfect as his perfect Mind; to crush out weakness, worldliness, and woe, and help enthrone the reign of God in man; to prove that Life triumphant conquers death, Love wipes out fear, and Mind heals all disease; to help man love his brother and know God — these are the thoughts that give this volume birth.

W. V. C.

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God is My Strength

BE strong, fair son of God, arise!
Life's mighty hand hath struck the hour!
Away, thou fears that mesmerize,
Give place to Spirit's might and power!

Ye sick, arise! Almighty God
Doth hold you perfect, saying, "Wake!"
Disease is but a finite fraud
That Mind omnipotent doth break.

Be strong! Free limbed and fearless be!
Love's word is instant, bringing peace.
Thyself as Life's expression see.
Let pain, disease and sorrow cease!

Thou sinner, weak one, from the night,
Where thou dost lie in self-wrought chains,
A knowledge of th' eternal might
Thy freedom, as God's son, regains.

Though thou hast fallen, rise once more!
Experience adds to thy strength;
Thou wilt be stronger than before,
And gain Christ's stature strong, at length.

Thy burden, mourner, Mind doth melt,
And gird thee, fearless, fair and free;
The crushing blow, fell chance hath dealt,
Falls harmless when Love covers thee.

Thou coward flesh and weakling earth,
Thou hast no substance, truth, nor life!
The Spirit never gave thee birth,
Thou phantom scene of sin and strife!

God is my strength! I have all might!
There is no weakness; Mind is all!
I shine the universal right!
Man in God's likeness cannot fall!

On! On! From strength to strength press on!
Omnipotence doth hold thine hand.
God's panoply of power don!
Thy strength no foeman can withstand.

O, irresistible and strong,
The sword of Life with power swing!
Bear up and shout Love's triumph song!
Reflect omnipotence and sing!



AS a man thinketh, he is, my friend.
The Mind of the Christ will a blessing send.
Think of thyself as God's perfect son,
His normal, harmonious, healthful one;
Think of thy body, Life's temple pure,
Where Spirit doth dwell, from all sense secure.
O, let thy thought with thy Maker's blend:
As a man thinketh, he is.

Hast been long stretched on a couch of pain?
Would'st freedom and vigor and health regain?
Think of thyself as the child of Life,
God's master of anguish and fear and strife;
Think of the health God's man must express,
Deny that aught brings him pain or distress.
Thinking of health will thy health regain:
As a man thinketh, he is.

Art thou a sinner by Mammon bound?
Would lustings of flesh thy true manhood drown?
Arise! Shine forth with one great desire;
Denying thyself, to the Truth aspire.
Think of thyself as of nobler worth
Than creatures that cling to the shameful earth.
Through Mind mount high o'er earth's fruitless
ground:

As a man thinketh, he is.

Art thou a pauper with hollow eye?
Do chances of gaining thy wealth go by?
Think of thyself with the wealth of Mind,
A channel of substance for all mankind;
Think of Soul's resources,—infinite,
Then manifest wealth by affirming it.
Oh, end this limited slavery!
As a man thinketh, he is.

There is but one Mind and that Mind is God;
Then why through earth's desolate by-ways plod?
The harvest is white, and the laurel crown
Is ready; now trample the senses down.
'Gainst majestic Mind naught can militate;
Love's freedom and might naught can vitiate.
Be strong! Be pure! Be immortal, man!
As a man thinketh, he is.

A Healing Lullaby

THE moon is rising gently o'er the mere;
And bathes the fevered brow of Earth with calm;
The night wind whispers softly, "Peace is here."
Thus Nature brings her cool and healing balm.

O, God's in His heaven, love;
Love's in His heaven, dove;
God's in His heaven near.

The rosy sky foretells the waking Sun,
Who brightly mounts the ladder of the morn;
The birds are singing softly, "Night is done;
Awake, thou child, another day is born!"

O, God's in His beauty, love;
Love's in His beauty, dove;
God's in His beauty here.



The Prayer That Heals



UPON the rock the thinker
stands,
His eyes reflect the sky;
In silent prayer his heart flows out
To Mind, his God on high:

Within the silence of my heart,
God hears me when I pray.
The hour is come to glorify
Thy son, O Lord, to-day.

Love's vital prayer is to affirm
The Truth, and own God's sway;
The deep and longing look toward Love
That melts the earth away.

My thought is ever one with Christ,
My God is everywhere;
He giveth life and strength and joy
In answer to my prayer.

Thou mad'st me loving, Lord; my love,
Compassionate and kind,
Embracing all humanity,
Benevolent of mind.

Thou mad'st me chaste, Thou God of light,
As Thou art, pure in heart;
Thou washed me, and to all who need,
Thy healing I impart.

For Love I labor fearlessly,
From apprehension free,
Christ-crowned in strength and confidence,
To light the world for Thee.

Depression hath no place in man;
Thy light, O healing Sun,
Doth make me buoyant, glad, and free,
Thou strong and joyous One.

I have a body strong and well,
All fear and woe above,
Immortal, perfect, infinite,
And patterned after Love.

Mine eyes are perfect, and mine ears;
I strongly voice God's word;
My limbs are free, mine arms are strong;
Love's strength my loins gird.

I breathe the air of Life divine,
Free from disease or fear;
No germ of earth, through sin or birth,
May ever enter here.

I have all beauty, symmetry;
Love's glory lights my face;
In form and outline I reflect
The freshness of God's grace.

I have all power, life and might;
A Mind omnipotent;
Thus panoplied in strength, I meet
And prove sin impotent.

I have all substance, affluence,
Abundance of life's food;
I break the law that limits man,
And feed the multitude.

Love gives an understanding heart
With knowledge of Thee, Lord;
I lift my voice in Wisdom's might
To propagate Thy word.

I heal all sickness, conquer sin,
Annul the curse on man;
Through Thee, Physician, great of strength,
I break earth's cruel ban.

Strongest Redeemer! Mind of man!
Thou pure, light-giving Stream!
Thou dost baptize the universe
In Life, Thou Love supreme!

O, what a wealth have I, O God,
When I but realize
Thou art my Father; I, Thy son,
Am perfect in thine eyes.

The Healing of the Blind

GOOD physician, give me aid!
"There's no help for you," he said.

And the blind one groped away with bitter tears.

"Nature's therapeutic art
Can no hope nor help impart
To the one who knows the darkness of thy fears."

Pray, good pastor, make me free!
"God afflicteth you," said he.
"Be thou reconciled, and say, 'Thy will be done.'
In His mercy God doth dole
Pain to cleanse thy sinful soul,
And withholds from thee the gladness of the sun."

Canst thou help me, gentle maid?
"God is Love, dear friend," she said.
"In His grace He made you perfect, strong, and free.
What the senses say are lies;
In Christ's name, open thine eyes!
As thy faith in God, so be it unto thee!"

Lord, Thy light streams down from heaven!
The discernment Thou hast given
Of the Truth alights mine eyes to see Thy face.
Pain and blindness disappear
As Thy love removes my fear,
And the consciousness of Christ my woes displace.

O, ye sufferers of earth,
Marred by accident or birth,
When the theories of thine elders give no aid,
From earth's barren creeds above,
Look to God, eternal Love,
As the blind man to the God-inspired maid.



Guide Thou Me Lord.

GUIDE Thou me, Lord;
The way is steep,
My path runs nigh
The precipice deep.
O make my lamp
Thy blessed Word,
To light my path.
Guide Thou me, Lord.

Guide Thou me, Lord;
Teach me Thy will,
Direct my steps
By waters still.
O with Thy truth
My loins gird
To follow on.
Guide Thou me, Lord.

Guide Thou me, Lord;
From vales of fear,
To heights of Love,
Make my way clear.
Turn my desires
All heavenward,—
Pure prayers to Thee.
Guide Thou me, Lord.

Guide Thou me, Lord;
 I long for light;
Thy love alone
 Dispels the night.
O send the voice
 Our Saviour heard;
Thou leddest him,—
 Guide Thou me, Lord.

Guide Thou me, Lord;
 The day doth dawn,
The earth awakes,
 O, guide me on.
See! Light breaks forth;
 Hope long deferred
Gives place to joy.
 Guide Thou me, Lord.



The Song of Life

ACROSS a weary world of woe
There swells a joyous strain;
The broken-hearted mourner wakes
To harmony again.
In seamless robe the risen Christ
Is seen to bless and heal;
The sepulchre reverberates,
Life lives — death is unreal!

The grave-clothes of earth's crushing creeds
Give place to garments white;
The letter, which so long hath killed,
Through Spirit shrinks from sight;
The quickened sense of mortal man,
Amazed, doth rise to feel,
As sickness, fear, and weakness wane,
Truth lives — death is unreal!

Within the crucible of Love
 Melts murder, malice, hate;
Dissolves each jealous tendency
 That would annihilate.
A warm, sweet, tender brotherhood's
 Compassionate appeal
Unites all heart-beats in one song,
 Love lives,—death is unreal !

Art thou a widow, heavy-browed,
 Or mother, childless now?
Doth absent brother, friend, or babe,
 Thine heart in anguish bow?
In Life divine thy dear one dwells,
 Immortal, perfect, real.
Dry thou thy tears, praise thou the Lord;
 Man lives,—death is unreal !

Fidelity Triumphant

THE breakers lash themselves away,
The thunder-clouds roll by;
Stalwart and grand the mountains stand,
Against the changing sky.

The lightning flashes o'er the cloud,
The tempest tears the lea;
The sturdy rock withstands the shock
In calm fidelity.

Outrageous fortune strikes her blow,
Fate sends its circumstance;
Man brooks the fight in Spirit's might,
The victor over chance.

Loud clang the blows upon his helm,
And shiver on his mail,
But still he swings his sword, and sings,
In Love I cannot fail.

God is my Life, there is no death;
There's no oblivion;
Above the strife, eternal Life
Doth tread my foes upon.

An hundred times he falls to earth,
More strong each time doth rise;
The earth he spurns, and ever turns
To Truth, that fortifies.

Resentment, malice, press before,
Fear, weakness, lust and hate;
He looks above to perfect Love,
And sin doth dissipate.

“I love all men, all men love me,
I love God and mankind;
No thought of hate can separate
Man from his perfect Mind.”

He fetters weakness and revenge,
The passions' strength he chains;
Through his calm trust he conquers lust,
Till good alone remains.

Temptation with enticing cup
Says, “Come and rest in me.”
“Get thee behind, thou carnal mind!
My joy is chastity.

“Though tempted, I will know no sin
Nor subtle sorcery;
On God I call, I cannot fall,
Nor lose my purity.”

The Titan forms of error quail
Before his fearless gaze;
With every blow he fells a foe,
A sin to earth doth raze.

His trusted kinsmen turn from him,
His allies fall away;
Clearer he sees when earth-help flees
That God will not betray.

These foes withdraw from off the field,
When pestilence draws nigh;
Yet dauntless still, with joyous thrill,
He turns to God on high.

“There shall no sickness come by night,
Nor weakness come by day;
God is my health, disease’s stealth
Cannot in man hold sway!”

The shadow of a by-gone day
Says, "See, I am not done."
"When error dies it cannot rise,
Thou evil suggestion."

The haggard wolf of loss and lack
Creeps near, hollow and gaunt;
"I cannot die! God, my supply,
Doth meet my every want.

"God fills my treasures with His love,
Sends wealth abundantly;
The Mind of good, when understood,
Gives all things unto me."

Ambition leads him to the mount
And shows him all the earth;
"I am exempt, thou shalt not tempt
God, who alone is worth.

"No pride of place can throw me down,
Nor earthly prince deface;
Humility alone doth see
Love, and dwell in Love's place."

Self-seeking, pride and love of fame
Say, "Be thyself a god."

"Away from me, idolatry,
Thy subtle joys defraud.

"I will be loyal to my God,
My Leader and my Cause;
Forever true, O Love, to You,
And constant to Thy laws."

The sunlight bursts across the vale,
A rainbow spans the sky;
He doth rejoice. A gentle voice
Descends from God on high:

"Thou hast been faithful unto death,
Strongly thou braved the strife;
And now, well done, beloved son,
Receive thy crown of Life."

Spirit



Spirit, God, Thou gentle source of
light,

Benevolent and tender, perfect One,
Thou art of all that is the central Sun!
These bubble worlds seem substance, but
their might


Melts, vapor-like, beneath Thy soulful sight,
For all that is by Spirit was begun.

“Light!” spakest Thou —the universe was
done;

Creation leaped to glorify Thy right.

There is no matter —Mind is all in all;
Man is not as the mortal man doth seem;
God manifest is not earth’s finite dream;
All is celestial —man alone is thrall
To boundless substance, Spirit, Love divine,
And, Spirit-like, in Spirit’s light doth shine.

The Walk to Emmaus

UR heads were bowed low
As we started to go,
And the darkest of fears did delay us;
We were mourning the loss
Of our Lord, on the cross,
On the heart-breaking walk to Emmaus.

In anguish we cried
“Oh, must he have died?
Oh, how could that brother betray us?”
And no succor we hoped
As in blindness we groped
On our comfortless walk to Emmaus.

So we murmured of death
With each quivering breath,
When a stranger in white did assay us;
Then our path shone with light,
Making day of the night,
On our wondrous walk to Emmaus.

“Search the Scriptures,” said he,
“For ’tis they speak of me.”
And the joy of his spirit did sway us;
And we felt not the loss
Of our Lord on the cross,
On the exalting walk to Emmaus.

And our hopes were raised high
As an inn we passed by,
And the voice of the stranger did stay us;
Then he brake for us bread;
“Christ, our Saviour!” we said,
On the glorious walk to Emmaus.

And now, O my friend,
As our journey we wend
Through the byways of earth that dismay us,
Let us fearlessly stride,
With the Christ at our side,
On our triumphal walk to Emmaus.

Gratitude and the Lepers

“**W**OE unto him,” the Saviour said,
“Through whom offenses harsh and rude
Will come.” ’Twere better he were dead;
The worst is cold ingratitude.

“Increase our faith, O Lord!” they cry —
The twelve who hear the Truth he tells;
He leadeth with a patient sigh,
Admonishing with parables.

They enter through the village streets;
A sorry group salutes their ken,
The terror of whose sore depletes.
“Have mercy!” cry the leper men.

Compassionate and firm withal,
God’s light upon his face is seen,
As rings the Master’s healing call
“Go show yourselves,—that ye are clean.”

Sound is their flesh, their blood runs red,
And pulsates through its new-born veins.
Nine men rush forth,—where have they fled?
But one Samaritan remains.

One, redolent with gratitude,
Returns to do his Master's will;
Still seeking Mammon's mocking food,
The other nine are lepers still.

O barren gain to those who feel
The warmth of Christ, yet, heartless, cold,
Remain but long enough to heal,
And then their gratitude withhold.

The thrill of thanks our being feels
Removes the senses' primal curse;
Reciprocating love reveals
Forevermore God's universe.



Be Not Afraid.

BE not afraid, O creepers of the earth!
The thing you fear is but a senseless cloud.
In God's name, rise! and rend the phantom shroud.
Lo, o'er the earth Love's presence doth appear;
The healing Christ triumphant draweth near.
Awake then, earth! and be thou undismayed.
Affirm, I am God's son. Be not afraid!

Thine enemies —confusion, woe, and shame—
That broke thine heart, and gave thee gall to drink,
Are utterly cast down when you but think,
God is my Love whose glory fills mine heart.
Love holds me perfect; Life and Truth impart
The sense that renders evil desolate,
Shames foes to naught, and shows as nothing, hate.

Be not afraid, ye weak and wounded men,
Weary of crying, sinking 'neath sore pain!
From sickness thou thy freedom shalt regain.
The flood of light that healed all Galilee
Commands the devils to come out of thee.
Arise! and know by Spirit thou wert made
As perfect as thy God. Be not afraid!

Men make their woes, and damn their destinies,
Conceding power to the dreams of sense.
The antidote is Love's omnipotence.
Proclaim the Truth, Eternal Mind is all;
There is no matter; then thy fears will fall.
The senses' thralldom, lust's despotic sway,
Before God's man, triumphant, fade away.

Ascribe ye strength to Mind, O Israel!
I fear no cause, effect, nor dread disease,
Though friends say, help is vain, I fear not these!
Though earth may melt, the heavens roll away,
Inspired still by Spirit, stand and say,
In Love I live and move, my God is here,
Rejoice, my soul, be glad! there is no fear.

Ye poor and needy, tarry thou no more
In habitations desolate with woe;
Make haste to dwell in Love, and firmly know
There is no want; I have the wealth of Mind.
This is salvation's way for all mankind:
Cast down the foes that 'gainst thee are arrayed;
Claim, affluence is mine. Be not afraid!

O for thy sake, I will not hold my peace.
Thou sinner, sick one, pauper, ye who mourn,
The Christ is come, and says, be thou new born.
Be pure, be strong, be affluent and glad!
God's righteous sons, those were but dreams ye had.
Rejoice, for fear's confusion fades away!
Be not afraid! Hail, everlasting day!

Good is My God

GOOD is my God, my God is Good.
This brings me all blessings when understood.
Mind is my God, my God is Mind.
As His perfect image I am designed.
Soul is my God, my God is Soul,
Which leadeth to Spirit's celestial goal.
Life is my God, my God is Life,
Who frees me from weakness and death and strife.
Truth is my God, my God is Truth.
This brings me all beauty and strength and youth.
Love is my God, my God is Love,
Who lifts me from discords of earth above.
When thus to my Father my thought appeals,
He hears me, and helps and blesses and heals.

Mind Healeth Sickness

MIND heals all sickness, Mind reforms,
Mind makes the sinner free,
Mind bursts the bonds of false belief,
Mind melts mortality.

Life doth deliver man from death,
Life brings earth victory.
Life says, "O death, where is thy sting?"
Life giveth life to me.

Truth casts out error, kills deceit,
Truth brings surcease from pain,
Truth lifts the veil that hides true man,
Truth shows the Christ again.

Love bathes all things in warm, sweet calm,
Love maketh all men kind,
Love with one tender touch quells hate,
Love doth redeem mankind.

Substance annuls the law of lack,
Substance smites poverty,
Substance reveals Christ's riches rare,
Substance unlimits thee.

Wake then, O earth, and know thine own;
Thy birthright is God-given.
Know that e'en now thou art His own;
Enter the gate of heaven.

In Love I Rest

IN Love I rest;
A sweet and gentle calm,
By Spirit blest,
Doth still the senses rage,
As when a shepherd's psalm
The lambkins' fears assuage.
Then tranquil on His breast
I breath this aftermath,—
In Love I rest.

In Love I rest;
The fleeting dream of pain
No more shall be expressed;
God's peace and joy are here.
Low, sweet, Love's calm refrain,
Glad angels' voices clear,
In strains that heal and bless,
Do murmur, as they heal,—
In Love I rest.

In Love I rest;
The barren joys of sin
Fade 'neath the Spirit's test;
Christ wipes its stain away,
Its anguish and its din,
And Love alone holds sway.
No more by sense obsessed,
In rapture soft I breathe—
In Love I rest.

In Love I rest;
Life's yoke is light. I see,
In shining raiment dressed,
The Christ, whose tender tone
Calls, soft, "Come unto me";
And from the Spirit's throne,
No more to be oppressed,
My soul sings, winged with praise,—
In Love I rest.

The Spirit of Sure Success

FRIEND, shouldst thou admonish me to express
The means of obtaining a sure success,
An unfailing road to Truth's treasury,
Where windows of wealth open wide for thee,
And the hidden bounty of endless Mind
Hath an heritage vast for thee — all designed,
I'd answer, be honest, be active and true,
Then open thy mind, let Love enter through.

Thus you'll realize, when you pray,
There's no poverty, want, nor woe.

In the substance of Mind
All abundance you'll find,
Through your being God's riches flow.

The meek, understand, inherit the earth;
Thus nourished by Love they can know no dearth;
Through foot-paths of peace Life doth lighten them
To a kingdom, a crown and diadem,
To a land without scarceness where longings cease,
And abundant Mind doth their joys increase,
While Christ to their hearts doth supply all things,
As in rapture their soul to their Giver sings,—

Blest God, Thou hast caused us to say,
There's no poverty, want nor woe;
In the substance of Mind
All abundance we find,
Through our beings God's riches flow.

Prosperity enters when fear is gone,
Then in confidence of God's grace work on.
Have faith in God, in Love's sure reward,
Make thine expectation the blessed Lord;
Lay up for yourselves, where no loss nor fraud
May rob nor take from you the wealth of God.
No blessing nor honor will He withhold,
Whose thought is choice silver, whose love pure gold.

Then shall we not know every day,
There's no poverty, want nor woe.
In the substance of Mind
All abundance we find,
Through our beings God's riches flow.

True substance is God, and our God is all;
Then the lie that limits all men must fall.
Wealth gotten by vanity must decay,
But the riches of Christ will remain alway.
If man reflects God, life's eternal Font,
He can manifest nothing of lack or want,

But, blessed by a God who is all supply,
He must prosper, enlargen, and multiply,

As replenished, his soul doth sing,
There's no poverty, want nor woe.

In the substance of Mind
All abundance I find,
Through my being God's riches flow.

Now man of earth, be thou pauper or king,
If thou seekest a way that will riches bring,
Be loving, be pure and cast out all fear,
Be confident, strong, hold thy neighbor dear;
Seek thine own reward in another's good,
In wisdom establish Christ's brotherhood.
You ask what practical good this may do?
It will make a channel for Wealth of you.

Then you'll know, as pure Mind flows through,
There's no poverty, want nor woe.
In the substance of Mind
All abundance you find,
Through your being God's riches flow.

Thank God, O My Heart

THANK God for the light,
Thank God that the night
Has wasted and waned away;
Thank God dark is gone,
And the gladness of dawn
Cries out, "Hail the joy-giving day!"

Thank God Thou art near,
Thank God there's no fear,
O Love that hath brought men peace;
Thank God that the tears
That have burdened the years,
Through Mind, the compassionate, cease.

Thank God I am healed,
Thank God that the field
Is gleaned of its tares of pain;
Thank God that the Christ
Hath ever sufficed
To establish the Spirit's reign.

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